

Deathstar

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Deathstar

****AN: Credit to The Deathstars for lyrics. Just a quick and really trippy oneshot I thought of.****

****0-0-0****

Nine.

_ Nine._

_ Nine. _

The tattered foundation of the ramshackle building trembled dust clouding his cracked visor and threatening to blot out the glowing blue ammo readout on his rifle.

Alien cries echoed down from the darkened hallway in the wake of the thundering detonations, baritone and warbling shouts spurring on squawks and wails.

His pace instinctively increased, emotionless visor glaring at the quivering number on the tiny screen of his weapon. The cries grew louder, and he pivoted around, the scorched and bloodied titanium plates of his armor screaming at him as they clawed and clung to his aching muscles underneath.

His grip only tightened on his weapon as he brought it to bear, bracing the soothingly blocky and weighty stock of it against his gore-smeared shoulderpad.

The ammo readout stared back at him professionally.

Nine.

_ Nine._

_ Nine. _

Red, crimson blood seemed to claw at his very eyes, the ruby tide closing in around his periphery and smearing over the mosaic of cracks in his visor.

The cries grew louder, echoing down scorched corners in the darkness of the building.

_Nine. _

_ Nine. _

_ Nine. _

He didn't need his blood. The star of death would burn only with bullets.

The first target skittered around the corner, its short and stocky frame bathed in a dim green light emanating from the weapon it clutched in its hands.

And then the star flared to life.

The little grunt never stood a chance, its tortured shrieks echoing down the halls twisted and distorted by its mask as a torrent of burning hot bullets ripped through its flesh.

Fluorescent blue gore blossomed out from craters in its thin armor as the ammo counter ran down.

_Let the clips fall down. _

Broken as his bones were, burning as his flesh was, his arm zipped and moved with practiced efficiency, the smooth black magazine sliding easily out of his weapon and clattering against the ground as spent brass casings were still settling on the blood slicked concrete.

Wailing drifted down the corridor, and an raging cry tempered with eagerness spurred them on.

Pain burned in his belly like hot plasma, every breath he took a silent, wheezing rasp, the stony '0' etched into the small blue screen that his eyes clung to.

_The last ammunition. _

His battered fingers grazed against two more clips of the precious bullets as he yanked one out and slammed it home. The counter shot back up, a three and two nesting side by side.

His breathing calmed as a pair of grunts, driven by desperation and the fanatical screams of the officer towering behind them, stepped around the corner.

Their frames danced to the same, staccato tune that their comrade before them did, their arms flailing pathetically as they gazed into the blazing star of death. He did not look into it himself though, for it was not yet his time. Instead, he watched as the counter dropped lower and lower with each burst he sent hurtling down the hall, more tattered and bloody ribbons of corpses piling up, every roar of his star met with orders and more corpses thrown into the same corner.

Thin disks of energy crept around the battered stone, and though the rhythm of his rifle halted momentarily, his stride did not. It was but a simple change in beat, nothing more. Time crawled at an eternity as he eased the smoking muzzle of his weapon just slightly to the side, waiting for the opportune moment to release the leash on its sun.

Spent casings twirled ponderously through the air in the brief moment of reprieve, trickling down as surely as rivulets of blood seeping out of gashes in his stomach and forehead.

_And fall to the ground. _

A frenzied squawk rang out as he instinctively fanned the trigger, his finger twitching to the tune of battle. A brief flare, and the alien's exposed and spindly hand was blasted into a cloud of bone and glossy purple gore.

The star that it held, the watery sheen of energy that protected it snapped to the side, its wielder faltering for just a brief moment as its bulging eyes glared at the bloody stump where fingers once rested, the scrawny and spindly fibres of muscle running down its neck-

_Kiss the cold steel, and let the bullets come through. _

Its birdlike cries were silenced with another flare at the blazing muzzle of his weapon, the flesh anchoring the jackal's head to torso splintering and peeling apart against the merciless rays of his star of death. Its shield sparked and snapped into hot gas, a pathetic nova letting out a dying rasp.

The building shook again, this time a dim blue flare spearing at his eyes from a ragged crater blasted out of a distant wall.

His vision blurred as more cerulean disks of energy crept around the corner, a raspy cough slipping through the cracks in his blood slicked helm. A brace of green plasma lit up the hall, a searing trio of comets twisting and dancing down the corridor.

The embers and sparks of his own dying shields lashed out in a final act of defiance as two bolts splashed against its weak golden sheen, a shrill scream blaring in his helmet as they died out with a whimper. The last bolt blossomed against his scorched chestplate, the flare of neon green briefly coalescing with the veins of red creeping closer into his vision.

_Shoot! _

Two practiced bursts, two staccato barks, and both jackals twirled about with a thin nebula of violet blood trailing from their arms,

and with another flare of rifle fire, they tumbled into the meaty stack of corpses as all light in the hall died out again.

A frustrated roar trailed down after them, the frenzied tinkling of casings against concrete signalling a shift in rhythm.

He moved deftly with it, shattered bones in his arm wailing with shrill protest as they fed the dying star of death.

Only one spare clip remained.

_The last ammunition. _

With a metallic click, a fresh clip slid into place. With an enraged challenge thrown down the hall, the towering, menacingly armored form of an Elite whipped around the corner, the emotionless white visage of its helm bathed in a neon blue by its weapon.

_Let the clips fall down. _

And with a simple squeeze of the trigger, twin suns of death flared into existence.

A torrent of searing bolts smashed into his belly, burning through the tattered remains of armor and ravenously burrowing through the thin black material beneath and into his flesh. The metallic rays of his rifle tore into the shield surrounding his foe, bullets sparking and screaming as they danced off of the array.

A blast of plasma took the side of his stomach. A congregation of melting flesh and white hot scraps of titanium splattered against the concrete ground, and his knees buckled. The flesh beneath impassive armor threatened to give out, the alien still pumping shot after shot into his armored chest.

His arms quivered, but remained steadfast, his star blazing with flaming intensity as the stock of his rifle steadily clattered against his battered pauldron. His left leg crumpled, and he dropped to one knee.

But his ammo readout still read half-full, through the searing red pain clawing at his eyes, through the web of cracks in his visor, through the flashes of continuing plasma fire, the ever falling number was engraved into his mind. And so long as he had bullets, the star of death would not die.

The last ammunition.

With a fantastic nova, the elite's shield snapped. Bullets slipped past the dispersing tendrils of blue, the first few glancing off of the beast's silver armor. It surged forth with a terrifying warcry, its blazing hot plasma rifle clutched in one hand, the other balled into a deadly fist, ready to come crashing down on the Demon that would not die.

And then, the star of death found it. It looked into the flaring orange flash at the rifle's muzzle, the last bullets in the clip scything through the air and slashing through its exposed throat.

The ammo counter dropped steadily.

Ribbons of indigo fluid burst from its fleshy neck, strips of meat, skin, and bone peeling apart in the stream of bullets, a gargled cry all it could muster from its shredded throat.

His finger did not loosen until the counter hit zero.

The bleeding form of the elite lumbered forth drunkenly, the heavy falls of its hooves accompanying the clinking of casings.

_And fall to the ground. _

It finally buckled, knees giving out as it crumpled to the ground, its armor smashing into the concrete just as the spent magazine clattered down next to it.

Noble Six's vision blurred again, the star of death, the blazing blue blade that came for him, though he could not see it, beckoned to him. The blade of war that had taken his comrades before him sang as it slithered down the darkening corridor, calling him to death.

_The last ammunition. _

Shakily, he reached down for his last clip.

The star of death did not die so long as the bullets would feed it.

But it was only in its final moments that a star burned the brightest.

_Let the clips fall down. _

The ammo counter rocketed up as he braced it against his shoulder, and aimed down at the congregation of Covenant forces that had taken the place of their fallen comrades. Three elites, crimson armor illuminated in blazing blue blades.

Thirty two.

_The last ammunition. _

A torrent of bullets slammed voraciously into their shields, a nebula of sparks swarming around their armored forms. The rhythm was at its crescendo now, bullet casings slamming against the bloodied concrete in droves as the star screamed with its last vestiges of life.

_And fall to the ground. _

The last casing hit the ground, and the battered rifle followed suit, a trail of smoke wafting out where once a star burned.

End
file.